

The Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS:

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THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care."

A FRAGMENT.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

And where you brook
Uprises from the river side,
'Tis said a chief of lofty rank,
In battling for his country, died.
One was he of that band who reign'd
The monarchs of this land, before
The pale faced stranger's hand had stain'd
The green upon their hills with gore.
One was he of that band, and long
Unmoved he bore his country's wrong.
He saw with sad and sinking heart
The warriors of his youth depart.
He saw his forest lands decay,
He saw his people pass away;
He saw his once bright council fire,
Sink into ashes and expire,
And yet forbore to raise an arm,
To do the intruding stranger harm.

But when, one day, his gallant boy,
Of his old age and pride and joy,
Was borne by kindred hands, and laid
A corpse, beneath his foot-tree's shade,
Such undeserved and bitter stroke,
The fiend within his bosom woke;
And deep he vow'd his future life,
To deeds of vengeance, blood and strife.

But bootless was his fiery rage.
The stranger's arm was bold and strong—
Small cause has feeble right to wage.
A warfare 'gainst a mighty wrong;
And so he fell, but nobly fell;
Before the home he loved so well!
They bore him to his grave at night,
That little morning band;
And sadly flash'd the torch's light
Upon their knives and hatchets bright.
And on his gory hand;
For in his war attire he lay.
The same as when he died that day.
And down by yonder mighty tree—
'Twas but a sapling then—
That remnant of the bold and free
Laid down the bravest of their men.
Then, in the dark and gurgling stream,
They sadly quench'd the torch's gleam
And without word of wail or moan,
They left him to his rest alone.

I oft have stray'd at twilight there,
And thought that in the very air
There was a strange and saddening spell,
More potent far than words can tell;
For many a time, when silently
I mus'd beneath that mighty tree,
I've almost fancied that again
I saw that little burial train,
And mark'd, with awe, strange fingers glide
Like ghosts along the river side.

The forms are wanting, but the sound
Of the low wind yet whispers round
At even, and the tiny wave
Comes gently murmuring to the spot
Where, calmly, in his forest grave,
That mighty chieftain sleeps forgot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DADDY BIG'S SCRAPE. AT COCKERELL'S BEND.

Written expressly for the Spirit of the Times, by the 'Chicken Man,' the author of 'Simon Snugg,' 'Taking the Census,' etc.

Cockerell's Bend, is a well known rendezvous for the hunter and fisher of the Talapoosa—and a beautiful one it is. The upper end of the curve is lake like in its very deep. A half mile below, the river spreads itself to double its usual width, and brawls among rocks and blizzards with the tall river grass. The part above it resorted to by those who use the and that below by seiners. Opposite the road, deep water, the hills come towering down to within twenty yards of the river, the narrow intervening strip being low land covered with a tremendous growth of gum popular and white oak. Late in the afternoon of a warm May day, this part of the Bend is a most delightful spot. The hills, mountains on the south and west exclude the sun glare completely, and the mere comfort seeker may lay himself flat in the bottom of an old Indian canoe; he finds mounded there by a grape vine, and float and look at the clouds, and dream—as I have done—with no living thing in sight to disturb his meditations except the muskrat on the end of the old projecting log, and the matronly summer ducks, with her brood of tiny ducklings swing, close huddled, in the huge water oak, whose overhanging limbs are covered with a close net work of muscadine vines—Whereof (of the vines I mean) I have a story of my friend, Captain Suggs, which will be related at the proper time. Take care, ye little downy rascals!—especially you, little fellow with half a legament stuck to your coat—A river there are not many or large trout in the Talapoosa, but there are some and occasionally one is found with mouth sufficient to engorge a young duck!—and almost always in a cool quiet shade just like—his—napthere you go precisely as I told you! Now, old lady, quit that fussing and fluttering and take the 'young uns' out of the way of that other one that isn't far off. 'Trituration in a trout's maw must be unpleasant, one would think!

It chanced once that the writer encamped for a day or two on the narrow strip spoken of, with a company of the unsophisticated dwellers of the rough lands in that region, of whom the principal personage was 'Daddy Elias Biggs,' sometimes called 'Daddy Lias,' but more commonly 'Daddy Biggs.' We were on a fishing expedition, and at night hung a short line or two from the branches of the trees which overhung the water, for 'eat!' One night as we had just done this and were gathered around the fire, a gill net passing from hand to hand, 'Daddy Biggs,'—who was a short, squab man, rosy checked, bald, and inclining to three score—remarked, as he extended his hand towards a long guant fellow with a very long nose and a very black beard.

'Bays, a't you never heard what a scrape I had here at this very spot, last year? Billy Teal, let me have a suck at that yearthan war, and I'll tell you all about it.'

The old man took a suck, smacked his lips and began his relation:

'You will remember the time boys, when them Chatohospa fellows come here a fishin'! D—n 'em! I wish they would fish a home, without goin' twenty miles to interrupt other people's range. Well, they camped right here, an' right here they see the devil!'

'Seed the Devil!' exclaimed Billy Teal. 'Did they, in right down earnest now?' asked Jim Waters, looking around at the dark woods, and insinuating himself between Abe Ludlow and the fire in evident fright.

'They seed the Devil,' repeated Daddy Biggs, with emphasis—and ketch'd him too!' he added, 'but they couldn't hold him.' 'Good gracious!' said Jim Waters, looking around again—'do you think he stays about here?'—and Jim got nearer to the fire.

'He stays about her some,' replied Daddy Biggs. 'But Jim's son, get out of the

fire!—you'll set your over hauls a fire!—and get me the sperrits. I'll buss the jug again and tell you all about it.'

Billy Teal had deposited the jug behind a log some ten feet off, but Jim Waters was not the lad to back up; if the devil was about, so he made two desperate strides and grabbed the 'yearthan war,' and then made two more which brought him, head first, jug and all into the fire.—Chunks and sparks flew everywhere, as he ploughed through?

'He's got you, Jim!' shouted Abe. 'Pull the boy out!' exclaimed Billy and myself in a breath, 'or hell'll burn up!'

'Some one ye save the—'—'Jug!' screamed Daddy Biggs, who was standing horror stricken at the idea of being left without liquor in the woods.

In a minute both boy and jug were rescued; the former with burnt face and hands and singed hair—the latter entirely uninjured.

'Well, well!' chuckled Daddy Biggs, 'we come outen that fast rate—the jug aint hurt and no liquor spilt. But Jim I'm raly 'stonished at you pitchin' in the fire that way, and you a knowin' that was every drop of sperrits we had!'

'Oh, dat Daddy Lias,' interposed Dick McCoy; 'you must look over that—he seen the Devil!'

'Well, well that minds me I was gwine to tell you all about that scrape I had with them Chatohospa fellows last summer, so I'll squeeze the jug one time more, and tell you all about it.'

Throwing his head into an admirable position for taking a view of things heavenly, Daddy Biggs inserted the mouth of the jug in his own mouth, when for a short space there was a sound which might be called, 'guggle—guggle—guggle!—' and then Daddy Biggs set the jug down by him and began his story.

'Well, boys they had camped right here and had set out their hooks for eat (fish) just as we've done to night. Right there this side of what Bill's line hangs some on em has tied a host a devil of a hook, from that limb as goes straight out there. He must a had a keener nose fasten it where he did else couldn't it on the top of the limb. Well it's alters swimmin' under the limb, but that's a big rock in the shape of a sugar loaf comes up in six inches or so top. Right round that was whar I'd ketch'd the monstrous most most on daciousset Apalooosa cat the week before that ever come outen the Talapoosa; and they'd heard of it, and the fellow with the big hook was fishin' for his mate. D—n it boys, it make me mad to think how them Chatohospa fellows and the town folks do runde or rover people, and when I'm aggrawated I alars drinks, so here goes again.'

Daddy Biggs threw back his head again—again put the jug's mouth in his own, and again produced the sound of 'guggle guggle guggle,' and then resumed.

'This big hook fellow I was a tell about was Jesse Cole, which lives in the Bottom that war Chatohospa falls into the Anota Looke, and haint got more'n half sense at that.'

'That's the fellow that used to strike for Vince Kirkland in the blacksmith's shop at Dood's after Vince died, aint it?' asked Billy Teal.

'That's him said Daddy Biggs, and that's how I come to know him—for I seed him that once, tho' I can't say he knowed me. Well, he waked up in the night, and heerd a terrible of a sloshin at the end of his line and says he, 'Rise boys! I've got him! durin my skin if I haint!' And sure enough there was somethin frummin, sloshin and makin a devil of a commobation at the end of the line. Jesse he sprung up and got a long stick with a hook at one end, and reached out and catch the line and tried to pull it in; but the thing on the hook gave a flurt, and the stick being a teetle to short, which made him step forward, in he fell! He shuffled out though tolerable quick, and ses he 'boys, he's a whaler! cuss charnal buttons if he aint the rise sixty pounds! Old Biggs may go away now with his forty pounds rate; he can't shine no way.'

'Then you heered it!' exclaimed all.

'Yes, me,' said Biggs, laughingly: 'did, not I tell you that before? Well, I ought in wuss and wuss, ef you'll let me off this ter done it, but forgot. D—n it, we'll take time.'

'Can't do it Jess! want you down in Tophet, to strike for Vince Kirkland. I've got him thar, a blacksmithin of it. He does all my odd jobs, pinetin' of my tail and sich like! Can't let you off—I have come a purpose for you.'

'I seed the poor devil shudder when I called Vince's name, but he didn't say no more, so I joes the gig thro' the hind part of his overhauls and starts down to the kunnoo landin with him, in a peart trot. The way he scratched up the dirt as he travelled backwards on his all-fours was a perfect sight. But just as I struck the roover, he got hold of a grub and the gig tore out, and he started tother way. I never seed runnin till they taint no use to tell how fast he did run; I couldn't do it in a week. A skared wolf warnt nothin to it. He run faster'n six skared wolves and a verlan deer. Soon as he got a start I made for a long war I seed their guns, and behind that I finds the big powder gourd they all kept their powder in they warnt usin. I thinks I, ef you aint kleen gone, I'll finish him with a gallon—smack into the fire and then jumped into the roover myself. I hadn't more'n got properly in before it blowed up. Such a blaze I never seed before. The nise was some itself, but the blaze covered all creation and reached higher than the trees. It spread out to the log whar the guns was, and fired 'em off—pop pop, pop. No wonder them Chatohospa fellows ever come back. Satan himself could have done no better, ef he had been thar, in the way of racket and nise.'

Daddy Biggs now took a long breath and a longer drink.

'Boys,' he continued, 'I got them fellows fish and a two gallon in the roover besides give em all goriest scarce they ever had, and they aint been back since; which I hope they never will, for it's outdacious the way he roover folks is 'posed upon. Now, boys, that's my 'scrape,' so let's take another drink look at the hooks and then lay down.'

Well, boys, just as I got whar that blasted hook was, not a thinkin of nothin but the fur, the cussed thing ketchin in one thigh of my over-hauls and lost me up short. I tried the cussend ever a feller did to get loose and couldn't. I had no knife, and thar I flew around, and pulled first forward and then backwards and air and pitched and made the water bubble. Fact, boys, I was hitched to a swiggin limb and no mistake. Once or twice I got on the top of sugarloaf rock, and jist about the time I'd go to untie the rope of a line, the blasted rock was so slippery off I'd slumped flat, boys! And it aggrawated me!

Once more Daddy Biggs gazed at the stars! 'Soon as Jess said that about his cat bein bigger'n mine, I said in my mind I'll whup you certin! They all kept a most terrible hollerin, and every now and then some on em would throw a long log or wood as they had cut for the fire, as nigh me as they could guess, stunt the cat you see, but the branches of the tree favored me mightily in keeping them off; though they strike pretty close by me occasionally, cajan! stinken and foremost, you see. So they kept right on throwin of logs, at me a right peart lodgin, for some time, and I tell you, it took real nise judgment to keep the infernal hook outen my meal, it grazed the skin several times as it was. At last Jess he climbs into the tree and gets on the limb right over me, and ses he, 'boys I believe hit's a mud turtle, for I see somethin like the form of one under me.' Thinks I you'll find it one of the snappin sort, I judge. Then another one ses, 'thar's a way to try that, Jess, ef you see him,' and he hand Jess a gig. 'Now ses he 'gig him!'

'Gig the Devil!' ses I for I was pestered!

'Great Heavens!' squished Jess 'thit the Devil!' and down he thumbled right a tod o me. I was bursted open from one end to tother! Sure enough I warnt but only justed loose from the line. Born on up put for the bank quick, but on account of my gittin holt of the gig, which rather outthered me, Jess got ashore first I was right arter him though I tell you, with the gig when I come up the bank, I found the rest was all aken gone, and thar lay Jess, which had stomped his toe agin somethin right flat on his face, a moanie dreadfu!

'Oh! I've got you now!' ses I.

'Please Devil,' ses he.

'Must take you along with me,' ses I, in the d—dest most onyearthy voice you ever heerd.

'The boys I took warn't marked,' ses Jess, a shiverin all over.

'They warn't yours!' says I.

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NEGRO WIT.

'How much ya charge Massa Magistrate, to marry me and Miss Dinah?' 'Why Clem, I'll marry you for two dollars.'

'Two dollars—what you charge marry white folks, massa?' 'We generally charge them \$5 dollars Clem.'

'Well ya marry us like white folks, and I will give you five dollars too.' 'Why Clem that's a curious notion but as you desire it, I'll marry you like white folks for \$5 dollars.'

The ceremony being over, Clem and Dinah being one, the magistrate asked for his fee.

'Oh no massa, ya no come up to the agreement—ya no kiss the bride.'

'Get out of my office, you black rascal!'

And so Clem got married for nothing.

HOW TO COUGH.

A writer in the New York Sun says it is injurious to cough leaning forward, as it serves to compress the lungs and makes the irritation greater. Persons neck straight and throw out the chest. By these means the lungs expand and the wind-pipe is kept free and clean. There is an art in every thing, and the art of coughing is perhaps as important in its way as any other.

A young man at a social party was vehemently called upon to sing a song. He replied he would first tell a story, and that then, if they still persisted in their demand, he would endeavor to execute a song. When a boy well in his teens, he took lessons in singing and one Sabbath morning he went up to his father's garret, as had been his custom, to practice alone by himself. While in full cry he was suddenly sent for by the

exclaimed his father, pretty employment for the son of pious parents to be sawing boards in the garret on a Sabbath morning, loud enough to be heard by all the neighbors! Sit down, sir, and take your book. Our cotemporary was unanimously excused from singing he proposed singing. There was a species of presumptive evidence against him.

CURIOUS FUNERAL SERVICE.

The following touching funeral service was preached in Washington county, Md. It must have been peculiarly touching to Joe, the brother of the deceased. It is said by the Hagerstown News to be no hoax.

'Friends and neighbors! you have congregated to see this lump of mortality put in a hole in the ground. You all know the deceased—a worthless drunken, good-for-nothing vagabond. He lived in disgrace and infamy, and died in wretchedness. You all despised him—You all know his brother Joe, who lives on the hill? He's not a bit better though he has scraped together a little property by cheating his neighbors. His end will be like that of this loathsome creature, who you will please put into the hole as soon as possible. I want ask you to drop a tear but brother Bohow will please raise a hymn while we fill up the grave.'

HUG UP TO ME.

It is stated that a new married couple town east were one night lying in bed, talking over matters and things, when a heavy thunder-storm arose; and loud peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning filled them with terror and fearful apprehension. Suddenly a tremendous crash caused the loving couple to start as though they had received an electric shock. Jonathan throwing his arms around his dear, exclaimed, 'Hug up to me Lix, and let us die like men.'

A mind regulated by wisdom and understanding, will not falter in the darkest hour of tribulation. Having the chart of faith, it declines not from the path of virtue, but preserves a steady onward course over the hazy sea of life, until anchored in the broad haven of eternal rest.

A man came to a printing office to beg a paper, said he, we like to read the news-papers very much, but our neighbors dont take any.